

OUTBREAKS IN DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE CITY—ATTEMPTED ATTACK ON THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER

Office of the N. Y. Commercial, Monday, 3 P. M.

By the steam boat mail and rail road passengers from Philadelphia, a painful report has reached the city, that the riots were renewed in the evening, and that the blacks had fired upon the whites, as they had a right to do, if first assailed by them.

The Philadelphia papers of this morning, however, are so satisfied that the rioting is at an end, that a riotous display is maintained during the whole of Sunday, which broke out into actual violence in the evening.

An authorized call for a public meeting of the city on Saturday morning, a large meeting took place in the afternoon, (the hour appointed for the meeting was 8 o'clock in the evening.) In conformity with this resolution, an authorized meeting took place at 8 o'clock in the evening. Several thousand persons, together with a large number of citizens, were in attendance, and their proceedings evinced a profound respect for the preservation of the peace.

It was while this meeting was yet engaged in its deliberations, that the riotous manifestations in the suburbs of the city were ascertained in the following account from the United States Gazette:

While the business of the meeting was going on in Independence square, there was a loud shouting in Sixth street; and immediately a host of persons were seen coming down that street, at a rapid rate, occasionally shouting in a hostile manner.

The company, consisting of several thousand persons, and continually receiving augmentations, moved down to the African meeting-house, in Sixth street, and a few persons, who were understood, commenced shouting, as if to excite the others.

Although some few bricksbats were thrown—and it seemed as if the work of mischief was begun—suddenly Mr. Recorder Rush came out from the front of the mob, seized one or two actually engaged in the mischief, and called for aid.

As soon as the police arrived, and we here hastened to the aid of the mob, but found no one willing to acknowledge that he wished to prosecute the mischief. Whether Mr. Rush rescued the person whom he seized we do not know, as we were unable to get sight of him.

The mob continued to bang round the neighborhood for some time, but did not attempt, we believe, any further mischief. In this mob it appeared to us that large lads were the prominent persons.

The police was mustered in Sixth street, but their exertions were not required.

Early on Sunday evening, the corners of the city in the vicinity of Dock and Second streets, were occupied by groups of persons, evidently engaged in some movement, though without any apparent idea whence it would proceed; but in the course of an hour or two, crowds had assembled, and there appeared a disposition to attack the printing-office of the Ledger.

To enter and a party of police were in the building. The sheriff had a party in or near the Exchange; and mounted patrols were seen going along the streets.

While the crowd were passing toward the office, the mayor came out and addressed them, in a calm and collected manner, and asked them to consider that their own property might some day be similarly outraged, if they encouraged such a mode of illegal action.

After some reply and rejoinder, the crowd seemed disposed to hold their ground, without proceeding to violence; when, at a late hour, there came a mounted messenger to give notice that there was an outbreaking in Sixth or Seventh street and Lombard st.

Thither the crowd in Dock street hastened, and the mayor with a party of his disposable force proceeded, in compliance with the call. The report was, that the blacks had risen upon the whites, and were beating them.

We could not learn whether this had been the case, but it is certain that a pistol was fired, and it was believed, from the window of a house, and great consternation was manifested.

The mayor is of opinion that the pistol was fired in the street, though as he was absent at the time of the discharge, he could not tell.

Order was again restored.

It may be proper to state that the mayor had high constable and several police men at numerous points in the city, with a mounted messenger, to convey to other stations any news of attack, and to summon aid if required. The Recorder was engaged with the mayor in directing the police.

Sund Watnough was also out, riding from point to point, and having deputies, with messengers stationed in different places.

It is stated to us that a crowd assembled in Sixth street, a place chiefly occupied by poor blacks, and the limits of the city, and were making an attack, when the blacks rallied, and drove away their assailants. The sheriff at the time arrived and restored quiet.

Further the Mayor had police officers provided for the several colored places of worship—in the day all was quiet.

With reference to the mob that attacked the African in Thirteenth street on Friday night, Alvan McMichael tells us, that though he had long in Spring Garden, and believes he saw the face of nearly every person in it, he did not know one of the persons engaged in the riot.

The following particulars are from the Philadelphia Inquirer:

While the above meeting was in progress, a large body of persons proceeded down Sixth street, cheering loudly as they passed down Independence Square.

At this moment, the affair presented a very singular character. Fortunately, however, Samuel Rush, Esq. recorder of the city, was present. This gentleman walked toward the front of the church, and called upon all good citizens to support him in maintaining order, and preserving the law.

This call was instantly and nobly responded to by those who were standing round, and the cry became general of 'support the law—support the law!' This firm conduct evidently checked the progress of the assault; and Mr. Rush addressed the concourse around in able, energetic and emphatic manner.

He called upon his fellow citizens to support him in maintaining the law, in preserving the peace, and preventing the destruction of property. Mr. R. said that he had been a magistrate for many years; but he had taken a solemn oath to support the law, and that oath he was resolved to keep inviolate, even at the hazard of his life.

They must do so over his dead body—for he would at every peril stand there until the tumult had subsided.

He was sure, however, that he should not have to appear to their good sense, and love of order and their country, in vain. Mr. Rush was loudly cheered.

He concluded by exhorting all present to maintain order, to endeavor to forget the excitement which had existed—in short, to forget and to forgive.

He was sure that those who had heard him would retire peacefully to their homes, and that no disturbance of the peace or of good order would that night throw a discredit upon the city.

Several hundred persons, however, continued in the neighborhood until a late hour of the night, the larger portion of them, if not, indeed, the whole number, being citizens disposed to protect property and preserve order. Not a stone was thrown in that vicinity, so far as our observation extended, throughout the evening.

About 11 o'clock, a new scene of excitement occurred in the neighborhood of Sixth and Lombard streets. It appears that a white man, while passing quietly along, was knocked down by several colored men who stood at the north west corner of the two streets.

The assailed raised the cry of murder, regained his feet, hurried over to the south-east corner, gave the alarm, and soon succeeded in collecting force enough to turn upon the assailants. Stones flew, and the parties were for an instant seen running in all directions.

The facts of the case, greatly exaggerated, no doubt, were soon passed from mouth to mouth, and in less than fifteen minutes, several hundred persons with a strong police force, were on the ground. Col. Watnough, the high sheriff, being at the head of the party.

No sooner had this officer arrived in front of an alley entrance, than a pistol or musket was fired, apparently at him, as we believed, from the alley. No person was injured, but the circumstance created, for a few minutes, immense excitement.

Col. W. however, remained and marshalled his force; and after about an hour, this affair was also terminated without further violence.

Thus closed the events of the night—quiet not having been fully restored until after midnight. It is to be hoped that this was the final termination of these unhappy proceedings.

BOSTON.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1838.

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT IN PHILADELPHIA! RIOT AND ARSON!

'The city of brotherly love' has now become the city of enmity—cowardly, active, ferocious enmity, toward the advocates of inalienable human rights, and all whose complexions are incompatible with freedom in this republican and christian land!

We proceed to give some particulars of the awful scenes which have transpired in that fallen city within the last ten days, and which will bring down upon it the retributive justice of Heaven. Henceforth, Philadelphia is to be ranked with Boston, and New York, and Utica, and Alton, as the enemy of liberty, the scourge of the poor and needy, the contemner of law, and the assassin of bleeding humanity. They have since humbled themselves—will she continue incorrigible?

Having witnessed the anniversaries at New York, we proceeded to Philadelphia, agreeably to the request of many dear friends in that city, in order to be present at the dedication of a new and spacious edifice which had just been completed in North Sixth-street, between Cherry and Race, in support of Free Discussion, Liberty, Virtue, and Independence. Almost three years had transpired since our last visit, in company with the stout-hearted and eloquent George Thompson, whose voice is now stirring all England with its trumpet-tones against the last remnant of British slavery, the cruel apprenticeship. What eventful years had these been—and how crowded with lawless violence, with persecution for righteousness' sake, with universal insanity, with frightful conflict and glorious victory! The land had been daily shaken with an earthquake, till all that was mortal—perishable—doomed to an utter overthrow, had felt its foundation of 'hay, wood and stubble' giving way—to the wild conflagration and lively roar of Priests in unbecoming canonicals, of Doctors of Divinity no longer oracular, of Politicians seeking the 'one thing needful,' orifice, of Tyrants merciless as starved hyenas prowling for the dead! Terrible things had been seen—more hideous, because revealed in such clear light, the noon of the nineteenth century. Dire outrages had been committed against Law, upon Truth and Innocence, by a tribunal more infamous and less merciful than the Inquisition. Such graspings of Truth with Error—such conflicts of Liberty with Slavery—such mustering of Physical Force, with its magazine of bricksbats and rotten eggs, and missiles indescribable, and staggering rank-and-file, to overcome Ethereal Light—the world had scarcely ever seen. Most unequal struggle, yet rampant and fearful! Almost within sight of Plymouth Rock, upon which the Pilgrims first planted their weary feet—on the soil of Massachusetts, sprinkled with heroic blood—at the very base of Bunker Hill—in the city of Boston, and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall—the most eloquent among men, the most intrepid of reformers, the man of circular philanthropy, without division, section or boundary in its outgoings, filling the globe as doth a vital atmosphere—the Benefactor of Europe, Africa and America—had been hunted for his life as a partridge upon the mountains, like the worst of felons, the most hideous of monsters! So he shook off the dust of his feet as a testimony against the murderous spirit of the land, and returned to prosecute his godlike work in his own country. We too, had been somewhat exposed to peril—had suffered violence at the hands of a frantic multitude, immortalized as 'gentlemen of property and standing'—has been thrust into prison, not for crime, but, in sober truth, as a friendly device to save us from destruction! But we may not dwell upon these things. Those three years which had elapsed, and to which allusion has been made, are not to be chronicled in a hasty editorial paragraph. We leave them to the historians.

We arrived in the city of Penn on the 11th inst. What sobriety of behavior, what an air of tranquillity, what order and regularity, on the part of its inhabitants! All is square-built, judicious, prudent, compact, comfortable. The very animals in the streets tread along the pavements deliberately—for even animal excitement is deemed pernicious 'agitation,' though God designs it for good. Those broad, cleanly, far-reaching streets, extending undeviatingly from the Delaware to the Schuylkill—those stately, beautiful blocks of buildings, with marble door-steps, and marble fronts, and marble porticoes, (peradventure some of their occupants have marble hearts, polished like a mirror, but cold and stone-like)—those ornamental squares, the joint achievements of Nature and Art, where the dead spires of grass are springing into life at the resurrection call of Spring, and buds and blossoms are covering the nakedness of parental branches with more than filial dutifulness—how all these serve to make Philadelphia the queen of American cities! The population is immense—but how methodical in its movements! They walk, they run, they turn round, they advance, they retreat, by rule—right angles! One bustling, jostling spirit would disturb the repose of the city. Necessity alone tolerates the fire-cracking cries of the dealers in charcoal, and the piscivorous propensities evinced by the screams of fish-women. All else is 'quietude.' Impossible, therefore, that these appearances shall prove deceitful! That this repose is merely the stagnation of moral life! That, under its cover, the murderous spirit of caste, all-gripping selfishness, and every evil passion, are latent, coiled up like snakes, torpid for want of heat! Now errors. It may be, before a week shall have gone by, more marvellous and disgraceful developments will have been made, and riot and arson become prevalent throughout the city! May Heaven forefend!

The city swarms with meeting-houses, as really styled 'houses of God.' It is, therefore, a religious city. Its public halls are numerous, to accommodate all classes of men, for every variety of purpose. There, too, a FREE DISCUSSION city! But, no. Those houses of God are but houses of men, built by contract as conceived by some premium-excited architect, sold by the square foot at public vendue to the highest bidder, in which the man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, sits in a good place, and the poor man in vile raiment stands on the confines of gentility, and the black man is thrust into a pen, like a dangerous beast—all devout worshippers of the God who is no respecter of persons! No marvel that the doors of those houses are all locked and barred against those who call for the abrogation of caste, and the elevation of down-trodden humanity. As to the public halls, if you want to 'jump Jim Crow,' or work mischief to morality, or plead in favor of slavery as a divine institution, or advocate the expatriation of the 'negroes' to Africa, you may have your choice of them. But if your object be, the universal emancipation of your race from chains and servitude, presume not to think of occupying the meanest of them all! No fear of God, no regard for suffering man, no amount of compensation, can open one of them, that the sublimest enterprise of the age may be advocated therein. Is not the city quiet as a sleeping tortoise? Why then seek to disturb it? What evil so terrible as 'agitation'? What Hydra more rapacious than free discussion? What thought human beings, bearing upon their brow the image of the Eternal, are constantly seized by legal, keen-seen bloodhounds, (within sight of that famous old hall from which some sixty years ago went forth that yet more famous Declaration of man's inalienable right to liberty,) thrust into prison, loaded with chains, and hurried into slavery? All this is consistent with good order and blissful quietness! Above all, why should Friends be urged to awake out of sleep? Did not Friends Fox, and William Penn, and Robert Barclay, trouble the peace of the world enough to suffice till the creek of doom? Did they not, like the Catholic saints, have a large stock of merit, above their own wants, which they bequeathed as a legacy to their followers? Do not modern Friends still cherish a grammatical regard for the 'King's English,' and loyally refuse to say you for thou? Are they not punctilious in dress, with all mechanical accuracy and independent imitation? Being well-regulated in their own Society, why should they trouble themselves about the sins of other people? 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.'

There being, then, no hall or meeting-house profane enough to admit of free discussion, in all that city, it was determined, on the part of some choice spirits, (a majority of them mechanics and working-men,) to erect a building, sacred to Liberty and the freedom of speech. Bravely they went to work—industriously did they toil—liberal were their contributions. At length, the finishing stroke was given—and a noble superstructure, majestic in its simplicity, challenged the admiration of the world as the grandest monument of moral enterprise to be found on the American continent. It was not quite complete on our arrival. The painter was busy with his brush, and the clock-maker putting a time-piece into operation, and the gas-regulator arranging his pipes. Accompanied by one of its managers, we examined it thoroughly, with pleasure and admiration. The basement story was subdivided into a variety of apartments, chiefly intended for stores—one being reserved as a convenient lecture room, and another as an anti-slavery depository. It was estimated that the larger hall would seat more than two thousand persons, there being three spacious galleries. The furniture was selected and arranged with much taste. Over the platform was printed in gilt capitals the motto of Pennsylvania, 'VIRTUE, LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.' The total cost of the building was about \$40,000, divided into two thousand shares of twenty dollars each—a number of the stockholders being women.

On Monday forenoon, the 14th inst. the hall was crowded by a most orderly and intelligent audience, to witness the ceremony of dedication. The orator selected for the occasion was DAVID PAUL BROWN, a popular member of the bar in Philadelphia, distinguished for his literary attainments and rhetorical powers. For many years, he has given much of his time, and all his legal ability, 'without money and without price,' to succor persons arrested as fugitive slaves, and to deliver 'him that was spoiled, out of the hand of the oppressor'—nobly refusing to receive any compensation. But his humanity is local, not universal. Before he commenced his address, letters were read from Francis James and Thaddeus Stevens, of the Pennsylvania legislature, Theodore D. Weld, Gerrit Smith, John Quincy Adams, and N. S. Bennet, all expressive of regret that their authors could not be present to assist in the dedicatory services, and every one of them worthy of that sublime occasion: that of Mr. Adams was faithful and forcible in the highest degree, and elicited great applause. On rising to address the assembly, Mr. Brown was received with enthusiastic approbation. His oration was a splendid performance, impressively delivered, but marred and crippled by a glaring violation of its own principles. The larger portion of it was full of invective truth, withering satire, and godlike philanthropy—a triumphant defence of the equality of the whole human race, and man's inalienable rights. He showed that slavery is incompatible with the dictates of humanity, the claims of justice, and the permanence of republican institutions—ridiculed and refuted the charge, that abolitionists are fanatics and incendiaries—declared that there can be no slaves without there being despots; that the Declaration of Independence settles the controversy as to the right of every man to enjoy liberty, unless it can be proved that the slaves are not men—that it could not be moral treason to aim at the suppression of immorality—that slaveholders are trampling upon northern rights—that southern gossamers about a dissolution of the Union should no longer be submitted to—that in the sack of the South are hidden the silver cup, the thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood—that the sentiment of McDuffie, that 'Slavery is the corner stone of our republican edifice,' is deserving of a place on a madhouse—and that the friends of emancipation seek a peaceful overthrow of slavery, leaving violence to be used exclusively by the supporters of that brutal system.

The scheme of African colonization he said had fearfully failed, and the execrations of suffering thousands are resting upon it. He compared it to the fiddling of Nero while Rome was burning. Practically, colonization is death. The attempt is making to found a republic upon a yawning sepulchre. He would not call the opponents of the anti-slavery cause fanatics—but let them defend themselves, if they can, against the charge of insanity or impety. He eulogized the conduct of England, in giving freedom to her slaves. England acts up to her creed of universal liberty. We adopt her vices, but will not imitate her virtues. She has made an atonement—where is our own? England, it is said, entailed the curse of slavery upon us—but she could not compel us to submit to taxation without representation! He related several anecdotes respecting persons of color, and paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the lamented Thomas Shipley, the friend of the colored race. He said he would rather be one of the late Reform Convention, who voted against disfranchising the colored citizens of that State, than one of the Spartan band at Thermopylae. They will be hailed by posterity. For an hour and a half, the orator wielded a glittering, two-edged sword, and every blow was fatal to Slavery and Colonization. But, suddenly, he turned the blade upon the goddess of Liberty, and stabbed her to the heart. In other words, he endorsed some of the worst heresies of the old school of gradualism, and talked as incoherently as does one smitten with insanity. 'O what a fall was there!' Up to that moment, he had secured the smiles and the reiterated applauds of the audience; but at a visible change, observable in almost every countenance as he proceeded—and at the conclusion of his address, they felt as if that hall needed a new dedication, and another baptism in the names of 'Virtue, Liberty, and Independence.' A baptism of fire, it seems, awaited it!

Of the subsequent meetings in the hall—the tumult on Wednesday evening, and the destruction of the Hall on Thursday evening, our limits will not permit us to speak to-day; but our columns are crowded with information on this subject, extracted from the newspapers. We shall attempt a description next week.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1838.
2 o'clock P. M.

PHILADELPHIA UNDER THE DOMINION OF A COLONIZATION AND PRO-SLAVERY MOB.

My DEAR BROTHER:

Mob law is still triumphant in Philadelphia. You witnessed with me, the scenes of last night. A Hall erected for free discussion, and dedicated, *professionally*, to 'virtue, liberty and independence,' laid in ashes—hardly an effort being made by the Mayor and city authorities to prevent. No proclamations made; no placards put up, warning and entreating the citizens to stay at home—though the mob began to assemble in the morning, openly laying their plans, and uttering aloud their threats to destroy the building. 'All I can learn of the efforts of the Mayor is, that he made a speech to the mob just before the Hall was broken open and fired, for which they cheered him, as report says. All law, human and divine, all authority and government, of God or man, were prostrate during the night.

I went down to the scene of desolation this morning. Thousands were there exulting in the destruction of the Hall, and openly boasting of the share they had in the work. The city, up to this moment, (2 P. M.) seems to be under the control of the mob. Thank Heaven, their wrath has been as yet restrained from our oppressed citizens.

The cause of this ruffian outrage, is deep rooted hatred to our oppressed brethren—fostered and cherished and increased by that system of concentrated malignity, fraud, injustice and oppression—THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY AND ITS AUXILIARIES. This ferocious mob and burning of that Hall, are to be attributed to the American and Pennsylvania Colonization Societies. They have done what they could to excite hatred in our hearts towards our brethren. The same slang, and low, vulgar abuse, is bandied about among these ferocious men, which I have heard from Eliot Cresson, R. R. Gurley, Wilbur Fisk, and other agents and advocates of that essence of all abominations. This city, too, is full of men-stealers, women-robbers, and kidnappers from the south. I saw them in the mob yesterday, urging them on—I saw them amidst the mob today, glorying in the deed—openly justifying the spirit of murder and destruction which they had exhibited, and openly declaring that if another were erected, that should be burnt. Thus do southern robbers and men-stealers abuse the kindness and hospitality of the north. They are welcomed to our cities, and towns, and to repay us, they kidnap our citizens, our wives, brothers and sisters and children, excite mobs, lead them on to violence and murder, burn our public buildings, and lay our houses in ashes. And these ruffian slaveholders, our northern chieftains, and ministers are determined to hail as good christians!

But a short distance from the place where a mob of more than 10,000 assembled to fire the city and murder our citizens, excited and led on by slaveholders and colonizationists, was convened the old school General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Wm. S. PLEMER of Va., a SLAVEHOLDER—a MAN-STEALER—was the moderator! A large portion of that Assembly, supposed to embody the talents, learning and piety of the Presbyterian Church, are said to be slaveholding kidnappers! Can there be a more detestable, a more infamous, and more diabolical character on earth, than a professing man-stealing minister? A preaching robber? A reverend kidnapper? A Doctor of Divinity robber? Not one—unless it be their northern apostles. How did these reverend kidnappers feel, when they saw the triumphs of slavery and colonization? But short will be their triumph. The mob that they countenanced by their silence, will, by the power of Him who overrules evil for good, seal the death of the monster in this city.

But where are the peace men of Philadelphia? The great body of them quail before the storm. There are many glorious exceptions. I honor their noble confidence in God, and readiness to die for the truth, loving and forgiving their persecutors. But to shrink from the combat in such an hour as this! To abandon the ground when the Lord brought brute force and moral power to such a field! I was, and am grieved. I don't know but I have a stronger sympathy with *physical* daring, than with *moral* cowardice. My soul scorns them both, as equally contrary to the high and holy courage of our Lord.

This is but a small outbreak, compared to the scenes that are before us, unless the spirit of repentance should be poured out upon us. Philadelphia is the citadel of slavery in the north. It is the southern kidnapper's hunting ground. He will not give it up till he has tasted blood. But if blood must flow, it is my heart's desire and prayer to God, that it may not be the blood of the poor, deluded man-stealer; and may the God of the oppressed save our dear oppressed brethren and sisters from the southern dagger and Bowie knife. I had rather see the blood of my family, and my own blood flow, than that of my oppressed brethren and sisters. These, our noble friends and fellow citizens, have suffered enough by us. May the Lord forgive us—may they forgive us. As to our malignant opponents—I had rather see your blood, dearly as I love you, mingle with mine, and with all our dear brethren abolitionists, than to have one drop of theirs shed by us.

Thanks to God, not that the spirit of the bottomless pit, the spirit of colonization and slavery, pervades this city, not that it bursts forth like a volcano in the present mob; but that the beautiful Hall was burnt, justice and humanity outraged; but that Philadelphia is more oppressed, upheaved from its deep foundations of slavery and oppression. Yes, Philadelphia, the beautiful, the noble city of Penn, over which had settled an awful storm, except among a portion of Friends, on the subject of slavery, is now fearfully convulsed. Heaven knows the cause. But be assured, the spirit of colonization has received a deep wound, and its final doom is hastening on.

The women have done nobly to-day. They have held their Convention to finish their business, in the midst of the fearful agitation. Their moral daring and heroism are beyond all praise. They are worthy to plead the cause of peace and universal liberty. The abolition men held a meeting in front of the smoking ruins this morning, and adjourned *sine die*. This will prove a day of triumph to abolition. Slavery must die. God hath doomed its overthrow.

Farwell, my brother. The Lord protect you, and the oppressed for whom you plead, from the daggers of slaveholding assassins. Yours, H. C. W.

5 o'clock, P. M. May 18, 1838.

THE KING OF MOBOCRATS.

The character of John Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia, and his posess, have earned for themselves an infamous notoriety. John Swift, in his conduct for two past days and nights, as Mayor of this city, has shown himself worthy to stand by that man who acted as Mayor of Boston in '35. When about to break down that city last night, the mob cheered each other on by mutual cries—the Mayor would not hurt us—the Mayor is our friend—the Mayor hates Abolition and Amalgamation as bad as we do—the Mayor loves the Union, &c. These cries burst from the mob immediately after the Mayor's speech. The effect of his speech was rather to spur them on than to disperse them. Most thankful am I that the poor, pitiful mob coward had not brute, wolfish courage to call out the military. Rather would I see that Hall, and every other Hall and Church and house in this city destroyed, than to see a storm of bullets poured upon these poor deluded men, and their souls in all their pollution ushered into the presence of a holy God. But I think John Swift has earned the title of the cowardly King of Mobocrats.

There is a deadly hostility in this city to the colored people. It now bursts out. That the Abolitionists have walked with their colored friends—that they eat with them—sit with them, and associate with them, with others, is their great offence. The wrath of Heaven will one day come down on the Colonization churches and ministers of this city, for aiding to set brother against brother.

The Abolitionists have appointed a Committee to prepare an appeal to the world. H. C. W.

INSANITY. The man who set fire to his house, in order to destroy the rats that annoyed him, was a Solomon in wisdom, and a Socrates in philosophy, compared to these senseless and lawless men who applied the torch to Pennsylvania Hall, with the delusive expectation of thereby consuming abolitionism.

The following thrilling Poem was read at one of the dedicatory meetings by CHARLES C. BURLINCH. ADDRESS.

Read at the opening of Pennsylvania Hall. WRITTEN BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Not with the splendors of the days of old—The spot of nations, and 'barbaric gold'—No weapons won from the fields of blood, Where dark and stern old unyielding Roman stood, And the proud Eagles of his cohorts saw A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law—Nor blazoned car—nor banners floating gay, Like those whose sweep swept along the Appian way, When, to the welcome of imperial Rome, The victor warrior came in triumph home, And trumpet peal, and shoutings wild and high, Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky—But calm, and grateful, prayerful and sincere, As Christian freemen only, gathered here, We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall, As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's abode—Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

O! loftier Halls, 'neath brighter skies than these, Shalt darkly throng the Egean seas, Pillar and shrine—and life-like statues seen, Graven in marble, the marble slain between—Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill, Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will—And the chaste temple, and the classic grove—The hall of sages—and the bowers of love, Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave Their robes to the blue Saronic wave, And staller rose on Tiber's winding side, The Pantheon's dome—the Coliseum's pride—The Capitol, whose arches backward lunged The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue—Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went forth To the awed nations of a conquered earth, Where the proud Caesars in their glory came, And Brutus lightened from his lips of flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls, And in the shadow of her stately walls, Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe From Rome's dark walls with unheeded flow; And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome. O! not for him—the chained and stricken slave—By Tiber's shore, or blue Egean's wave, In the thronged forum, or the senate's seat, The bold up-pleader, and the stern heart-beat—No soul of sorrow melted at his pain—No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall to Truth and Freedom given, Pledged to the Right before all earth and Heaven, A free arena for the strife of mind, To cease, or set, or occur unconfin'd, Shall thrill with echoes such as ne'er of old From Rome's Hall, or Grecian Temple rolled; Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet The Propylæa or the Forum met. Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife Shall win applause with the waste of life—No loudly licit urge the barbarous game, Nor even dare its story in her shame; But here the tear of sympathy shall flow, As the ear listens to the tale of woe—Here in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong, Shall strong rebuking thrills on Freedom's tongue—No mortal justice hold th' unequal scale—No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall, Ho! to Freedom and the Rights of All!

But a fair field, where mind may close with mind, Free as the sunshine and the channel wind, Where the high truth is fixed on Truth alone, And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown; Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and might, Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band, From this blue Hall, or Grecian Temple rolled; Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet The Propylæa or the Forum met. Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife Shall win applause with the waste of life—No loudly licit urge the barbarous game, Nor even dare its story in her shame; But here the tear of sympathy shall flow, As the ear listens to the tale of woe—Here in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong, Shall strong rebuking thrills on Freedom's tongue—No mortal justice hold th' unequal scale—No pride of caste a brother's rights assail—No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall, Ho! to Freedom and the Rights of All!

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LITERARY.

Written for the Quincy Patriot.

ROBBERY.

'Will a man rob God? Yet ye
My people, ye have robbed me!
Thus saith Jehovah bringings;
But still ye say wherein have we,
Offended Sovereign, robbed thee,
In tithes and offerings!

Now Jesus who with God is one,
Describes the wrong to others done,
As being done to Him;
And we can tell our guilt and sin,
Who robbers have of millions been,
Whom Jesus did redeem?

Our fathers, so their history says,
First robbed the aborigines,
And drove them from their land;
And we to imitate our sires,
Have quenched their waning altar fires,
With an unholy hand.

The subtle snare that Africa bore,
Were taken from their native shore,
Confined like criminals!
By herds of men as merciless
As the hungry lioness,
Or tribes of cannibals.

Then brought to this unhappy coast,
Where men of freedom make a boast,
And least their love for Zion,
And then at public auction reared,
By men whose consciences are seared,
As with a heated iron.

Robbed of rights which God had given,
Like beasts of burden worked or driven,
'Till death shall set them free;
Unless some few had sympathized,
And the infirm had colonized,
'To show their charity!

Thus have we done, are doing still,
The measure of our sins to fill;
By sinning more and more,
Could angels weep, their tears would flow,
Because our Judge those spirits know,
Is standing at the door.

Yet in this dark and gloomy day,
A light appears! one cheering ray,
'Aspirations to the slave!
The efforts of the Church and State,
Those bondmen to emancipate,
May yet our country save.

Then onward press, philanthropist,
Though Congress frown and mobs resist,
And victory will be yours—
For He will your protector be,
Who set the sons of Jacob free,
And drowned their pursuers.

J. T.

We extract the following beautiful lines from
The Reliquary,—a volume of poems by BERNARD BAR-
NOS, and his daughter LUCY. The young lady is no
longer a Quakeress—she has exchanged the simplicity
of her father's faith, for the gorgeous and formal splen-
dors of Episcopacy; but the calm and benevolent im-
press of her early education, is seen upon all her poeti-
cal offerings.—[E. P. S. FREEMAN.]

CLARKSON AT WADSWORTH.
'Coming in sight of Wadsworth, in Hertfordshire, I sat
down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held
my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that
if the contents of the *Emancipation* were true, it was
some person should see these calamities to their end.
Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was
in the summer of 1785.—[Clarkson's History of the Aboli-
tion, Vol. I. p. 210.]

A Wanderer by the road-side,
Where leafy tall trees grow,
Casting their branching shadows wide,
Sits on the turf below.

Though rich the landscape, hill and plain,
Reform him there outspread,
One hand holds his bridle-rein,
One props his thoughtful head.

The flush of youth is on his brow,
His fire is in his eye;
And yet the first is pensive now,
Too late might can avert.

Does proud ambition's fiftful gleam,
Light up his soul within,
Or fond affection's gentler dream,
Prompt him love's bliss to win?

These are forgotten, or unknown;
For o'er the Atlantic main,
His ear has caught the captive's groan,
Has heard his clanking chain.

Nor less from Africa's land afar,
Borne by the billowy waves,
The hideous din of sordid war,
The shrieks of kidnapped slaves.

The iron of that galling yoke,
Has entered in his soul!
How shall power's tyrant spell be broke,
Who's sick at heart made whole?

'Who, e'en on Albion's far-famed isle,
Where Freedom gives her laws,
Noddy forgetting self the while,
Shall live but for her cause?

Who, the apostle of her creed,
Shall journey to and fro,
Her universal rights to plead,
And slavery overthrow?

'Thou art the man,' the prophet cried;
The awe-struck monarch given;
And while his heart with anguish sighed,
Compunction's depths were stirred.

As clear, as vivid the appeal
To freedom's champion given;
And God himself hath set his seal—
The message was from heaven!

Near half a century hath down:
Thine way-side wanderer now
A venerable sage hath grown,
With years traced on his brow.

More bent in form, more dim of eye,
More faltering in his pace;
But time has stamped in dignity
More than its roft of grace.

And joy is his, age cannot chill,
Memories it need not shun;
The lone enthusiast of Wadsworth
His glorious goal hath won.

Not vainly has he watched the ark
Wherein his hopes were shrined,
Nor vainly fann'd fair freedom's spark
In many a kindling mind.

On the slave-trade, we presume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WATCH NIGHT.

The night of the last day of July, 1834,
was observed by many of the Methodists as a
watch-night for religious worship and thank-
sgiving. The slaves, who were soon to be free,
expressed their joy in shouts of praise, and bless-
ing, and honor, and glory, to God, who had
come down for their deliverance. In such exer-
cises the evening was spent until the hour of
twelve approached. The missionary then pro-
posed that when the clock on the Cathedral
should begin to strike, the whole congregation
should fall upon their knees and receive the
blessing of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as
the loud bell tolled its first note, the crowded
assembly prostrated themselves on their knees.
All silence, save the deep quivering, half-
stilled breath of the struggling spirit. The
slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude;
peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the pro-
strate throng, in tones of angel's voices, thrilling
among the desolate chords, and weary heart-
strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last
note, when the lightning flashed vividly around,
and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky.
—God's pillar of fire, and his trumpet of jubilee.
A moment of profound silence passed—then
came the burst—they broke forth in prayer;
they shouted, they sang 'Gloria,' 'alleluia,'
they clasped each other in their free arms, cried,
laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward
their unfettered hands; but high above the
whole there was a mighty sound which ever
and anon swelled up; it was the utterings in
broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

After this gust of excitement had spent itself
and the congregation became calm, the religious
exercises were resumed, and the remainder of
the night was occupied in singing and prayer,
in reading the Bible, and in addresses from the
missionaries, explaining the nature of the free-
dom just received, and exhorting the freed peo-
ple to be industrious, steady, obedient to the
laws, and to show themselves in all things
worthy of the high boon which God had con-
ferred upon them.

The first of August came on Friday, and a
release was proclaimed from all work until the
next Monday. The day was chiefly spent by
the great mass of the negroes in the churches
and chapels. Thither they flocked 'as clouds,
and as doves to their windows.' The clergy
and missionaries throughout the island were
actively engaged seizing the opportunity in
order to enlighten the people on all the duties
and responsibilities of their new relation, and
above all, urging them to the attainment of that
higher liberty with which Christ maketh his
children free. In every quarter we were assured
that the day was like the Sabbath. Work
had ceased; the hum of business was still, and
noise and tumult were unheard on the streets.
Tranquility pervaded the towns and country.
A Sabbath indeed! when the wicked ceased
from troubling, and the weary were at rest, and
the slave was free from the master! The
planters informed us that they went to the
chapel where their own people were assembled,
greeted them, shook hands with them, and ex-
changed the most hearty good wishes.

The churches and chapels were thronged
all over the island. At Cedar Hall, a Moravian
station, the crowd was so great, that the minis-
ter was obliged to remove the meeting from the
chapel to a neighboring grove.

At Grace Hill, another Moravian station, the
negroes went to the Missionary on the day be-
fore the first of August, and begged that they
might be allowed to have a meeting in the chapel
at sunrise. It is the usual practice among the
Moravians to hold but one sunrise meeting dur-
ing the year, and that is on the morning of
Easter; but as the people besought very earnestly
for this special favor on the Easter morning
of their freedom, it was granted to them.

Early in the morning they assembled at the
chapel. For some time they sat in perfect
silence. The missionary then proposed that they
should kneel down and sing. The whole audi-
ence fell upon their knees, and sang a hymn
commencing with the following verse:

'Now let us praise the Lord,
With body, soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things,
Beyond our sense and merit.

The singing was frequently interrupted with
tears and sobbings of the melted people, until
finally it was wholly arrested, and a tumult of
emotion overwhelmed the congregation.

The missionary who was present on the oc-
casion, said that the scene was indescribable.
At eleven o'clock, the people assembled in vast
numbers. There were at least a thousand per-
sons around the chapel, who could not get in.

We were also informed by planters and mis-
sionaries in every part of the island, that there
was not a single dance known of either day or
night, nor so much as a fiddle played. There
were no riotous assemblies, no drunken carous-
als. GRATEFUL was the absorbing emotion.
From the hill-tops and the valleys, the cry of a
disenthralled people went upward like the sound
of many waters. 'Glory to God, glory to God.'

The testimony of the planters corresponds
fully with that of the missionaries.

There has been since emancipation, not only
no rebellion in fact, but no fear of it in An-
tiqua.

The following is one of the many testimonies
of the planters.

'There is no possible danger of personal vio-
lence from the slaves; there is no likelihood of
their forming conspiracies to injure the whites,
because there is no earthly cause for any such
thing. Should a foreign power invade our is-
land, I have no doubt that the negroes would,
to a man, fight for the planters. I have the ut-
most confidence in all the people who are under
my management; they are my friends, and they
consider me their friend. As for insurrection,
they have no motive now to prompt them to that.'

H. ARMSTRONG, Esq., of Fitch's Creek.

The same gentleman informed us that during
slavery, he used frequently to lie sleepless on
his bed, thinking about his dangerous situation
—a lone white person far away from help, and
surrounded by hundreds of savage slaves; and
he had spent hours thus, in devising plans of
self-defence in case the house should be attacked
by the negroes. 'If they come,' he would say
to himself, 'and break down the door, and fill
my bed room, what shall I do? It will be use-
less to fire at them; my only hope is to frighten
the superstitious fellows by covering myself
with a white sheet, and rushing into the midst
of them crying, "ghost, ghost!"

Now Mr. A. sleeps in peace and safety, with-
out conjuring up a ghost to keep guard at his
bed-side. His body guard is a battalion of sub-
stantial flesh and blood, made up of those who
were once the objects of his nightly terror!—
Kimball and Thome's Travels in the W. Indies.

Business like.—The vote of the Executive Com-
missioners for stereotyping Thome and Kimball's report
on 'Emancipation in the West Indies' and James Wil-
liams' 'Narrative, for general circulation, was passed
on Thursday evening, the 30th of April, but from the
time occupied by necessary preparatory arrangements,
the copy was not placed in the hands of the stereotype
founders until the Tuesday following, April 10. We
now (April 25) have to report that the whole is stereo-
typed, the 'Emancipation' in 128 pages 8vo, solid bre-
vier type, double columns, and the 'Narrative' in 8
pages 4vo, and the first edition of TEN THOUSAND
COPIES of each work nearly printed off, and ready for
delivery.

Send in your orders. The press goes night and
day, 132 hours a week.—Emancipator.

BEET SUGAR.

Extract from D. L. Child's Report.

Within the last few years, the cultivation of
beets and the manufacture of sugar from them,
have rapidly increased in France, and extended
to Prussia, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy.
They were first commenced in France, in
1809, and under the continental system then in
full vigor, began to take root, but at the entrance
of the allies in 1814, the manufactures with one
or two exceptions, were closed, and the culture
abandoned. During the restoration, raw sugar
sold in the French market for seven cents per
lb. though previously it had commanded 30 to
40 cents. It could not have been expected that
a single establishment would survive such a re-
duction of the profits upon which their proprie-
tors had calculated, yet two were kept up through
the worst of times and their proprietors are now
very wealthy.

In 1828, there were 89 beet sugar manufac-
tories in France. At this time there are 542 in
operation, and 39 being built.

The whole annual product is 96,000,000
pounds, nearly half of the annual consumption
of the article in France.

The expense of producing the beet, varies ac-
cording to locality, and the skill of the cultivator
and manufacturer. It ranges between 5.7, and
9.5 cents per pound. The average of 7.6 cents
is usually adopted in calculation. The whole-
sale price of the sugar in the market, varies
from 8 to 11 cents. French manufacturers have
been jealous for many years, that the govern-
ment was desirous of obtaining their secrets,
with the design of laying an excise on every
pound of sugar which they make. They have
in consequence been very close, and seldom ad-
mit that they reap a benefit of even so much as
one cent per lb. But the fortunes which have
been made, and the great and sudden extension
of the business, tend strongly to prove that
their profits must, in many instances, be greater
than this.

They do not always take into account, and if
they do, not with scrupulous accuracy, the ben-
efit derived from feeding large numbers of cattle,
sheep and swine, upon the green tops, and upon
the pulp or residuum of the beets, after the juice
is expressed. The manure also, which is im-
mense in quantity, and superior in quality, is not
embraced in any of their accounts or esti-
mates which I have seen. An acre of land will
produce 25,000 lbs.; upwards of 11 tons of sug-
ar beets. Three tons of this, will be pulp
worth as much for feeding and fattening cattle,
as one and a half ton of good English hay; or
it will make excellent manure by being thrown
in a heap with other residuums and suffered to
decompose.

Lime mixed with vegetable matters coming
from the scum and dregs of the defecating pans,
and ashes from the furnaces, enter largely into
this compost. It is certain therefore, that one
cent per lb. does not represent all the profits
which the manufacturers, who are at the same
time farmers, have been in the habit of making.

The following is a list, very limited, yet the
largest to be obtained, of the profits admitted by
some manufacturers in different parts of Europe.

In France, 30 per cent on capital.
" Sillesia, 67.
" Prussia, 61.
" Rhenish Prussia, 9.

The beet sugar in its chemical analysis is the
same with the sugar of the cane. In a raw
state they are distinguishable, but not at all in a
refined. During the continental system, refined
colonial sugar was smuggled into France, and
sold for that of the beet, and at this time refined
beet sugar is exported with the benefit of a
heavy drawback (120 francs on every 320 lbs.)
although that drawback applies by law to none
but colonial sugar which has paid a duty on its
entrance. In both cases, the utmost vigilance
of custom-officers, and skill of chemists, have
been put in requisition, but without success, to
detect these frauds.

The most experienced and intelligent sugar
makers in France, regard the business merely
as a branch of agriculture. The processes and
machinery are every year rendered more simple
and cheap. A number of small farmers convert
into sugar in winter, the beets which they have
raised in summer, and there is no reasonable
doubt, that the time is at hand, when every pro-
prietor of a small farm in France, may manu-
facture his one or two thousand pounds of sugar
as regularly as he threshes his wheat, and this
with no other assistance than can be rendered
by his wife and children.

It is esteemed by some of the most eminent
manufacturers of sugar and machinery, that a
farmer with his pasture (2 1-2 acres) of beets,
may make 4,000 lbs. of sugar, which would
cost him but 2 or 3 cents a pound, and which
he might therefore deliver in the market for four
cents per lb. with a handsome profit. From
such industry he would derive the following
advantages.

1st. The sum of \$40 clear profit on his sugar.
2d. The leaves of the beet to feed bullocks,
sheep, and milch cows, from the middle of Au-
gust to the middle of November.

3d. The pulp, equal to 3 and 1-2 tons of
good hay.

4th. The ashes coming from the furnaces in
the manufactory.

5th. The molasses worth about 2 or 3 per
cent, on the whole expenditure. Where such
small domestic manufacture shall become gen-
eral, the price of sugar will not be above one
third the present, and the consumption will be
two or three times greater.

Land has risen in the neighborhood of manu-
factories, and more especially of those estab-
lished in the large towns, 50 per cent, and fields
particularly adapted to beet culture, 3 to 400
per cent.

There is probably no country more susceptible
of benefit from the introduction of the beet sug-
ar business than New England. Hot sum-
mers, and steady cold in winter are two things
most essential to the increase and preservation
of saccharine in beets, and during the process
of converting them into sugar. In France, an
idea has prevailed that 45 degrees is the most
southern latitude which will admit of the man-
ufacture of beet sugar. In America, it is colder
at 40 degrees, than it is in France at 50.

Wages are higher with us, but the rent of
land, and the price of fuel, would go far to bal-
ance the disadvantages of that item.

Fifty acres of land in France, would cost for
rent on the interest of purchase money \$883;
with us I suppose it would not cost above 50
to 100 dollars, though I do not profess to know
very well the rent of the land in the United
States. Fuel all over France bears about the
same price that it does in our cities. Wages of
men is about 30 cts. per day, and of women and
children, no more than 20 cts. per day, they finding themselves.

The great quantity of excellent manure which
farmers would obtain from this business, would
be invaluable to New England.

There is probably no other means yet discov-
ered, of effecting an equal supply, and improv-
ing in an equal degree, the comfort of New
England families, and the fertility and beauty
of her land and rough surface.

It is obvious that if these views are ever real-
ized, the price of raw sugar would be ultimately
reduced to three or four cents, of refined to 8 or
10 cents, and that the consumption of each would
be immediately doubled.—N. E. Farmer.

The act of the Virginia Legislature of last session,
which prohibits under severe penalties of fine and im-
prisonment, the carrying of concealed weapons, is to
take effect on the first of June next.

From the Cornwall Chronicle, Dec. 6, 1837.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVE VESSEL.

On Sunday evening, the schooner *Aragon*
arrived in this port, having on board 350 slaves.
She is commanded by Lieutenant Miller, of H.
M. schooner *Snake*, Captain Milne, who cap-
tured her, after a chase of six hours, off Cape
Antonio, on the 23d ultimo. The master of the
Aragon, a rather good-looking man, is named
Augustus Caesar Medina; it appears he procured
his cargo from about the Gallinas, near Sierra
Leone. They consist chiefly of young men and
young women below 20 years of age, and a
number of very young boys and girls. The
vessel is Baltimore built, and seems admirably
calculated for sailing. The between decks
where these miserable people had been stowed
something like packed herrings, is only three
feet high, and must have been suffocating at
the black-hole of Calcutta. For when we ex-
amined it at an early hour on Monday morning,
it was quite empty of its tenantry, and though
cleanly washed out, was by no means free from
a hot, sickly smell. The human cargo on deck,
were squatting in numerous close rows, in a
state of entire nudity, a gloom of patient suffer-
ing marked their countenances, brightened up,
a little, by a sense of their changed condition;
but still it was not divested of something like
despair. Many of them could scarcely see
their limbs, from the eternal crouching or squat-
ting posture of sitting between decks, dimmed
as they usually are; others were eating some-
thing with rice and broken biscuits—one or two
were in a dying state—fifty had already died—
and the boat alongside was converted into a
charnel-house, having the corpses of eight per-
sons in her bottom. Lieutenant Miller, the
prize-master, and his brave companions, mani-
fested great humanity to these unfortunate vic-
tims of the rapacious human vultures, who
drive this horrid trade. We witnessed, under
the rough exterior of one of these brave men,
as much pity expressed over a dying negro, worn
to the bone by disease, as any of the humane
sections of the country; a good number of whom
will be contributors. The Farmer will serve as a medium
of communication by which intelligent farmers, garden-
ers, and mechanics can interchange their views for the
benefit of themselves and the community.

In publishing in two places there will be greater
advantages for collecting valuable matter for the paper,
and as the publishers have a seed store at each office,
with a daily communication between the two cities,
the editor and others practically engaged in farm-
ing and gardening, are making experiments on num-
erous kinds of vegetables and fruits from different
sections and climates, that superior varieties may be brought
into notice through the columns of the Farmer, and fur-
nished at the seed stores, the readers of this paper will
be enabled to obtain the best productions of the country
at the lowest prices.

Farmers are making great improvements by the aid
of science and the experience of each other; and those
who read agricultural papers find that they add both
to their knowledge and to their success, as they learn from
the experiments of others, many useful things which
otherwise would cost them much time, expense and
delay; while those who toil on in the old way, will soon
find themselves in the back ground, laboring to dis-
advantage.

NEW PUBLICATION.
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WHO SHOULD PAY THE PIPER? With whom does
the crime, perjury, and expense attending the use
of intoxicating drinks, as a beverage, rest? With
the water drinker? Who will assert that he who
drinks water is less culpable than he who drinks
wine or spirits? With the moderate drinker of those
vile compounds with which our country is flooded, and
all destroyed. With him rests all the responsibility,
can he rid himself of this disgraceful responsibility,
until he dissolves his copartnership with them? Can
the water drinker visit our state prisons, our jails,
our poor-houses, our insane hospitals, our orphan asy-
lums, and penitentiaries, and can feel for the desolation
brought upon their inmates—can say, with truth,
'None of these are my fault, they are the fault of
those who drink wine and spirits, and I am equally
free from all blame.' O no! here he comes in for his
full proportion. All the inmates of these places
of woe, the temperate drinkers furnish the material
for these houses of wretchedness. Why, then, should
they not pay all the expense? Cold water drinker,
look to it; stand for your rights; let the tax fall
where it should fall, to support the drunkard and his
wretched children.—Am. Temp. Jour.

SELF INTEREST.—Every one would pursue his own
interest if he knew what it was, and in fact, every
one does pursue it; but the generality totally mistake
it. No man would choose riches before happiness,
power before quiet, or fame before safety, if he knew
the true value of each; no man would prefer the tran-
sitory and worthless enjoyment of this world, to the per-
manent and sublime felicity of a better, if he had a
clear prospect of them both; but we see the former
appears at so great a distance, that we scarce see it at
all; and therefore it makes little impression upon our
senses, and has as little influence on our conduct.—Je-
sus.

HORRIBLE.—The editor of the *Courier & Inquirer*,
of Hagerstown, Maryland, in his paper of the 18th inst.
has inserted an account of a man, who had been cap-
tured by one Charles Macgill, in which the assassin
—goaded out his right eye! It would be difficult to
conceive of such horrid barbarities in a country profess-
ing to be civilized, but not almost every southern paper
contains, some account of outrages upon humanity,
equally ferocious and equally disgusting.—Philadelphia
Ledger.

Important Debate.—We understand that an arrange-
ment has been made for a full discussion of the subject
of 'CONSTITUTIONAL ABOLITION,' by Dr. W. W. S. and
ARNOLO BROWN, each to be assisted by their friends,
to commence on Monday evening, the 21st inst.,
and to continue through the week, in PENNSYLVANIA
HALL, in Sixth street, between Arch and Race. The
Hall will be brilliantly lighted with gas, and we antici-
pate a crowded house.

SLAVE TRADE.—Another SLAVE, with 250 human
beings on board, has been captured by her Majesty's
brig *Sappho*, and carried into Port Royal, on Thursday
last. The *Herford* of the 9th inst. says:—We under-
stand that a Council is summoned to attend at the
Queen's House to-day, in order to determine how
the captured slaves brought into Montego Bay and King-
ston, are to be disposed of.—Falmouth (Jamaica) Post,
Dec. 13.

Mrs. CELIA LOVEJOY.—The numerous friends of the
widow of the martyred Lovejoy will rejoice to learn,
that she gave birth to a fine healthy daughter on the
9th of March, at her mother's, at St. Charles, Mis-
souri. Both mother and child were doing well.

Emancipator.

Proper Distinction.—Gov. Chittenden, chief magis-
trate of Vermont, was of humble birth, and rose
by the force of talent to his exalted station. Yet while
Government was in session, he still continued to
keep the same tavern, upon the steep hill side,
that he kept for many years before. One evening a
waggon drove up and accosted him, thus: 'Gov.
Chittenden, as chief magistrate of Vermont, I render
you all homage; but as landlord Chittenden, I'll thank
you to turn out my horses.'

Burling and Gunn returned.—We rejoice in being
able to announce the safe arrival from Haiti, of our
friends C. C. Burling and L. C. Gunn. The health
of both is decidedly improved, and they are now pre-
pared to resume their labors in the good cause with re-
newed energies.

The Vermont Anti-Slavery Society have taken
under the plan of ANTI-SLAVERY CIRCULATING
LIBRARIES. Push it on, brethren; have a full li-
brary in each town, and a smaller one, such as can
be had for FIVE DOLLARS, in each school district.—
Ensl.

CHEROKEE MEMORIAL. A memorial to Congress, pray-
ing a re-consideration of the pretended treaty with the
Cherokees, under which they are to be forcibly removed
from their homes, is placed for signature in the
Reading Room. We are happy to perceive that it has
been already signed by many of the most influential
of our citizens. We hope their example will be generally
followed.

Similar memorials are circulating in New York and
Philadelphia. They ought to be got up in all the large
towns and forwarded to Washington immediately.

The distinguished Seminole, Jupiter, died at New
Orleans on the morning of the 18th inst. He had been
sick for nearly two months.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
YANKEE FARMER AND NEWS LETTER,
DEVOTED TO
Agriculture, Horticulture, and the Useful Arts; to Miscel-
laneous Reading and General Intelligence.

This paper has been published a few years in Port-
land, and has become permanently established as a
useful journal. For the purpose of extending the cir-
culation, and rendering it still more valuable,
it will be enlarged at the commencement of the
next volume, and published simultaneously in Boston
and Portland, edited by S. W. Cole, who will be assisted
by the experience and observations of the best prac-
tical farmers and gardeners in New England, and other
sections of the country; a good number of whom will
be contributors. The Farmer will serve as a medium
of communication by which intelligent farmers, garden-
ers, and mechanics can interchange their views for the
benefit of themselves and the community.

In publishing in two places there will be greater
advantages for collecting valuable matter for the paper,
and as the publishers have a seed store at each office,
with a daily communication between the two cities,
the editor and others practically engaged in farm-
ing and gardening, are making experiments on num-
erous kinds of vegetables and fruits from different
sections and climates, that superior varieties may be brought
into notice through the columns of the Farmer, and fur-
nished at the seed stores, the readers of this paper will
be enabled to obtain the best productions of the country
at the lowest prices.

Farmers are making great improvements by the aid
of science and the experience of each other; and those
who read agricultural papers find that they add both
to their knowledge and to their success, as they learn from
the experiments of others, many useful things which
otherwise would cost them much time, expense and
delay; while those who toil on in the old way, will soon
find themselves in the back ground, laboring to dis-
advantage.

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